

## [You Can Hear it in the Silence](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

*Lance had never seen Shiro like this. Half-curved in on himself, hand tight in the fabric of his shirt, breath coming in harsh, unwieldy gasps, eyes unfocused. Scared. He was practically hiding on a corner of his bed, refusing to look at Lance, and that. That was not reassuring at all.*

Shiro has a panic attack, Lance has no idea what to do, but things seem a little better in the morning.

## You Can Hear it in the Silence

### Author's Note:

Eh, sometimes I feel better knowing that Shiro is p damn anxious too.

Sorry everything I touch turns to smut.

Lance had never seen Shiro like this. Half-curved in on himself, hand tight in the fabric of his shirt, breath coming in harsh, unwieldy gasps, eyes unfocused. Scared. He was practically hiding on a corner of his bed, refusing to look at Lance, and that. That was not reassuring at all.

"Um." Lance reached for the depths of his eloquence as he padded toward Shiro and found nothing, no surprise. "Are you okay?"

Shiro's head snapped up like he had just realized Lance was there, then he blinked quickly a few times, and *why did his eyes look so red?* Was he *crying?*

"Shiro?"

"Lance," Shiro said, making this aborted half-motion like he was going to reach for Lance, but he decided not to. Lance found himself wishing Shiro had just touched him; at least that would be some semblance of normal, considering how much they'd been holding hands and hugging and flirting lately.

"I'm, um. Just. Having a bad day," Shiro said, his voice wavering at the edges and cracking a little. Lance didn't know whether he should curl up next to Shiro or leave him be, so he just stood there lamely, looking at Shiro and wishing he knew how to take care of these things. Were their positions reversed, Shiro would definitely know what to do; he wouldn't be standing there staring.

"Can I help?"

Shiro reached out again, and this time, Lance met his searching hand with his own, letting Shiro pull him closer to the bed until his knee bumped the mattress. Shiro was still breathing too hard, and Lance could feel tremors running through his fingers. "I can't remember what happened to me when I was on that Galra ship," Shiro said, "just bits and pieces. But sometimes..."

"Things come back?"

"More like..." Shiro's brow furrowed, but at least his eyes looked more focused now. "I just feel the same way as I did then sometimes. And that's..."

"Scary?"

"Yeah.

Lance moved slowly as he got onto the bed across from Shiro, keeping hold of his hand. "Let me know... I mean. Is this helping?"

"It's helping," Shiro said with a little smile, but his breath had yet to slow down and his smile didn't look real at all.

"Can I--" Lance began, then frowned, trying to think how to phrase it. "Can I come over there and hug you, or do you not wanna be touched?"

"Please," Shiro said, and Lance scooted up close to him, wrapping his arms around Shiro's waist and burying his head into Shiro's neck. He ran blunt fingertips up and down Shiro's back, and Shiro's gentle, trembling hand rested on Lance's hip. Lance could feel Shiro's pulse in his neck, beating wildly, like he'd just run the length of the castle-ship, not like he was sitting in his bedroom. His T-shirt was a little damp on his back, and he was almost fever-warm.

Lance realized that the reason he'd never seen Shiro like this before was because this was *panic*. Shiro worried about the other paladins, of course, but even in the heat of battle, he always responded to a tough situation by pushing through it and, if necessary, throwing his Lion at the problem. Nothing ever got him shaking, crying, anxious to the point that he broke

down, and it scared *Lance*, even though he knew there was no way this was anywhere near as hard for him as it was for Shiro.

"You're gonna be okay," he said quietly, petting Shiro's sides and his back, "I know you're not right now, but you're gonna be."

Lance couldn't tell what was worse: the uneven, choked breaths or the deep, steady sobs escaping from Shiro's chest now. He held onto Shiro as tightly as he could, hoping that his hands could do enough to keep Shiro calm.

When they weren't, and Shiro was still ugly-crying into his shoulder, Lance spoke again. "You're so brave," he said, and for a second, Shiro didn't breathe and Lance's heart stuck in his chest. Then, he exhaled in a disorganized rush, and grabbed the hem of Lance's T-shirt with both hands.

"I'm really not." His nose sounded stuffy.

"Yes you are," Lance insisted, "you went through all that crap with the Galra, and you made it out alive and now you're *leading us*, better than anybody else could. You go into battle knowing that you're responsible for us, and--god, that would scare the shit out of me." Shiro was still crying, but his back rose and fell under Lance's hands more evenly. When he released Lance's shirt and just held his waist, his organic hand shook terribly. "You've taken on one death-mission after another, and never looked back or tried to run away. And, you've been dealing with all *this*," he would have gestured if he didn't have his hands firmly on Shiro's back, "anxiety and stuff, and you never even ask for help, you just get through it. I want to be able to help you with that kind of stuff, I--" He didn't even know where he was going with this anymore. "I care about you."

After a long moment of silence, Shiro's hand was a little steadier on Lance's back. Lance was sure there was a wet patch on his T-shirt from Shiro crying on him, but he wasn't that uncomfortable with it. "Thanks," Shiro said, his voice muffled by Lance's shirt. He mumbled something else Lance couldn't hear.

"Hm?"

Shiro took his head off Lance's shoulder and looked him in the face. *Damn*, he looked rough, his face all blotchy and the dark circles Lance had been noticing under his eyes even darker than usual. He looked exhausted, and too serious, and Lance had been hoping that everything he said would get Shiro happy and back to normal, but apparently it didn't happen like that. "I love you," Shiro said, "thank you."

"Uh. What. I mean, I love you too, but um. What kind of love are we talking about?"

This had already been complicated. It had just gotten more complicated, and Lance was not okay with that. What he was definitely okay with, though, was Shiro pulling him closer and kissing him softly on the cheek. He was still a little tear-stained, and it left a wet patch cooling on Lance's cheekbone when he leaned back. Lance's head was spinning. Sure, he'd always been into Shiro, it was easy to be into Shiro, and he *thought* Shiro might've returned his feelings, but. This was Shiro *kissing* him, this was his hands coming up to wipe the stray tears off Shiro's face, this was his lips meeting Shiro's for the first time in something that was gentle, slow, and precious.

When Shiro pulled back, his eyes were wet again. Happy tears this time, Lance hoped, and determined to make them so, he snuggled back into the blankets and reached his arms out for Shiro. "C'mere," he said, "let me cuddle you."

They laid chest-to-chest on Shiro's bed, Lance with one arm stretched out under Shiro's head, his other hand making slow circles on Shiro's chest and shoulder. Shiro's robotic hand was curled on Lance's hip, his other arm around Lance's back, and Lance brushed his fingertips over Shiro's jaw to his chin, not entirely sure if he could kiss him again. Shiro answered that question with his lips on Lance's, warm and soft and finally, *finally* smiling a little. The heartbeat Lance could feel against the fingertips of the hand he had resting on Shiro's shoulders had slowed back to normal, and Lance internally cheered.

"Feeling any better?"

"Yeah," Shiro said, tucking his head so he could give Lance this shivery little kiss on the neck that made Lance's toes curl. He must have made some kind of noise, because Shiro paused and asked, "you like that?"

"Mm, yeah," Lance said, and when Shiro did it again, Lance's fingers tightened on his chest. "God, you could drive me insane like that," Lance said, and Shiro opened his mouth, the barest press of his teeth against Lance's neck. "Ooh," Lance shuddered, and Shiro leaned back, kissed him on the cheek again.

"That's nice to know," he said. "Do you like this, too?" He scrubbed his fingertips through the hair on the nape of Lance's neck, and Lance continued to responsively grope Shiro's chest, which Shiro didn't seem to mind.

"Dude, this *awesome*, but like. If you don't stop, boners are going to happen, and I'm not sure if recent panic attacks plus boners are a good idea."

Shiro pulled him closer and *sucked* on his neck, and Lance squirmed in his grip and whined a little. "I want to," he said, "I promise. I won't regret it."

"It just... I'm worried. Do you just need to be close to someone right now?"

"I mean, yes," Shiro said, his forehead against Lance's. "But it's also because it's *you*." He trailed his metal fingers over Lance's hip. "Just go slow."

Lance could do that. He would go super slow, he would--oh *fuck*, was that Shiro's mouth on his throat? Lance let out a huffy breath. "What part of that is slow?" he asked, and Shiro scooted back a little.

"Was that too much?"

"No, I just. I can't figure out where you are right now," Lance said. "Are you horny? I mean. You just freaked the fuck out, how can you be horny?"

"I'm not, really, I'm just. I've gotta think about something else. Thinking about how to make you feel good seems to be working," Shiro said. His hand was more gentle on Lance's waist and he nosed against Lance's cheek.

Damn it. He was in bed with the guy he had a huge crush on, kissing him, getting kissed *by* him, and Shiro had just straight-up *told* him he'd have sex with him, but Lance couldn't. Not after he'd seen Shiro completely break down, not when everything between them felt too fragile, too new. "Let's just kiss," Lance said, pulling Shiro's lips to his again, learning the shape of them. He took Shiro's metal hand in his, turning it so their palms were flat against each other's, his fingers fitting between the grooves of smooth, unearthly metal.

"I'm exhausted," Shiro sighed, pushing his chin up so his lips met Lance's again.

"Then you should go to sleep," Lance said.

Shiro shook his head. "I'll have nightmares."

"Then wake me up. I'll sit with you again and everything."

"I know you will, I just... I'm too anxious to fall asleep right now," Shiro said.

"Can I give you a back rub?" Lance asked, nuzzling his nose against Shiro's.

Shiro smiled. "That would be nice," he said, and it took them a minute for Shiro to get turned around so his broad back was facing Lance. He was so gorgeous, with those huge shoulders and taut muscles. Lance slid his palms down Shiro's back once, twice, then rubbed his neck, starting in the center and moving to the tendons connecting to his shoulders. Shiro wasn't actually as tense as Lance would've thought, but he had hella knots, so Lance started working them out with his thumbs.

The longer he worked, Shiro's noises turned from pained grunts into pleasant sighs. He had a bunch of huge knots in his shoulders, and while

Lance couldn't get them out completely without a better angle, he managed to loosen the tight muscles enough that Shiro's even breaths sounded like he was near sleep. Lance put his arms around Shiro's waist and cuddled up close. "You sleepy?"

"Yeah," Shiro said.

"Do you want me to go back to my room?"

"No, stay here." Shiro pulled Lance's arms in tighter. "You're a good big spoon."

"I'm too little to be the big spoon," Lance complained, but Shiro didn't budge. Lance laid his palm against Shiro's chest, right over his heart, and he wished he could have stayed awake to make sure Shiro fell asleep okay, but his eyes drifted closed before he could help himself. He buried his face in Shiro's neck and fell asleep with the pleasant warmth of another body against his and the gentle pressure of Shiro's hand closing around his own.

Sometimes, Lance was glad he was such a heavy sleeper. When his siblings were being obnoxious through the walls, when Pidge was up late soldering circuit boards in their shared room at the Garrison, when Hunk snored loud enough to wake the dead... Those were good times to sleep like a rock. When he was worried about Shiro having a nightmare and waking up to an impossibly unconscious bed-mate: not a good time.

But when Lance finally forced himself awake, Shiro was still breathing slow and steady into his neck. They'd shifted at some point, and now Shiro was spooning him, nosing at the back of Lance's ear, one arm relaxed over Lance's side. Lance had no idea what time it was, because the castle-ship was in deep space and there was no day/night cycle to keep track of. His sleep schedule was fucked overall, but as soon as they stayed long enough on a planet and he got it un-fucked, they'd just head back into space. All he knew was that he was still tired, so he shifted back against Shiro, ready to fall asleep, when--

What. Was that.



Lance craned his neck around to see whether Shiro was awake. His eyes were closed, but he looked kind of awake. Definitely no R.E.M. shit going on, and when Lance said, "hey," softly, Shiro's eyes squeezed shut and then opened.

"G'morning," he said, his voice all soft and husky. His face was no longer red, and the bags under his eyes had faded.

Lance had almost forgotten about *that* until he moved again. "Oh. Uh. Are you hard?"

"Mmm. Yes," Shiro said unselfconsciously. He didn't move, except to kiss Lance's cheek. "Are you?"

"Little bit."

He could feel Shiro's breath on his ear when he spoke, which wasn't as entirely weird as it seemed like it should have been. "Can I touch you?"

"Ooh, morning sex," Lance said, and he kissed Shiro's jaw, pleased at how he smiled, and even more pleased at how he ran his palm down Lance's chest to the hem of the jeans he was still wearing.

"Yeah," Shiro said, bending to kiss Lance's neck. He had a little bit of stubble, and it made Lance's hair stand on end when he pressed his chin to Lance's bare skin. "You wanna?"

"Hell yes. I probably have awful morning breath, though," Lance said. "Lemme go brush my teeth or something." He hopped out of bed, and out of the corner of his eye, he saw Shiro stand and stretch behind him. By the time he turned his head, Shiro had both arms stretched up, fingers linked, his shirt riding up to expose flawless abs, like he was specifically trying to kill Lance with his perfectness.

"You're a morning person, aren't you," Shiro said, leaning against the bathroom doorframe.

Lance nodded at him while he swished mouthwash. He moved out of the way of the sink so Shiro could brush his teeth, and tried very hard not to notice the bulge in Shiro's sweats. But *Christ*. That was a lot of bulge.

He had to nudge Shiro out of the way so he could spit the mouthwash down the drain, and Shiro playfully hip-checked him back out of the way so he could rinse out his mouth. As soon as both of them were morning-breath-free, Shiro gave him this *look*, like, "*I am going to pound you, in only the most loving way.*"

Lance was gonna jump him.

Lance realized all of a sudden that he *could* jump him, and he did, popping up onto his tiptoes and flinging his arms around Shiro's shoulders so he could kiss him good and hard, the both of them minty-fresh and smiling into the kiss. Shiro cupped the back of Lance's head in both of his hands, stepping back until he was wedged between Lance and the wall, and *oh*, Lance kinda liked pinning Shiro to the wall like that.

This close, Lance could feel Shiro's dick, and *god*, he couldn't keep his mind off anything other than *fuck me, fuck me, fuck me*, so when Shiro pulled free of the kiss and said, "let's go back to bed," in Lance's ear, he was so fucking up for that.

He *bounced* back to bed like some kind of overexcited puppy, and Shiro landed atop him, smiling down at him. "Thank you for staying with me last night," Shiro said, petting up Lance's sides.

"Oh, it's, um. Of course I would. You know I love you too, right?"

"I know," Shiro said, "I just wasn't sure, I mean, you're pretty friendly with everyone. I didn't know whether you liked me, and I mean... I could've asked, but."

Lance wrapped an arm around Shiro's shoulders and pulled him down for a kiss. "Dude. I'm so into you. So into you. All the flirting was one-hundred percent real."

"Good," Shiro said, and the brightness of his smile almost made the dark circles under his eyes disappear. He rolled onto his side and they tangled together, Lance's arm flung around Shiro's torso, Shiro's hands a contrast of warm and cool on either side of Lance's face. Lance had never been kissed like this, with *intent*, with an end goal clearly determined and buzzing at the back of his mind, like this little whisper of, "*take his pants off, already.*"

Shiro had a thigh flung over Lance's hips, and if Lance made an effort, he could tilt himself at an angle that let them *actually* grind, but it wasn't worth it, considering he had his jeans on, and having a zipper pressing into his dick was less than pleasant.

"Can we be naked?" Lance asked. He *really* wanted to see Shiro naked. And his wish was granted, because Shiro wiggled back a little so he could strip his shirt off. Lance wanted to swear to every saint his abuela had a statue of on her mantle, but he didn't have the words in him to do it because Shiro was *gorgeous*. Lance was going to put his hands on every inch of that. He was going to *lick* every inch of that.

Lance pulled his own shirt off, liking the look in Shiro's eyes, because hey, he was no slouch, and the training they'd been doing was giving him some serious definition. He may still have been twiggy, but now he was twiggy with muscles. Shiro curled his hands in the waistband of Lance's jeans, looking up at him for permission. Lance wiggled his hips closer to Shiro's, and hoped that was obvious enough. Shiro finally getting Lance's jeans open had him sighing in relief.

"So, uh. What are we doing?" Shiro asked, and for a moment, he looked adorably unsure. Lance put both hands on Shiro's chest, because he was going to touch those pecs every chance he got.

"I dunno. What do you wanna do?"

"Everything," Shiro said, his breath a rush.

"Good, 'cuz I want to touch your dick."

Shiro laughed, and Lance smiled because he got Shiro to laugh. "That sounds good," he said. "But we can't... I mean."

"Oh come on, there are totally space condoms somewhere in this universe."

"But not on this ship!"

Lance thought for a moment, realized the only person who would have space condoms was Coran, and frowned. "Yeah, I guess not," he said. He nudged Shiro's shoulder until Shiro got the picture and rolled onto his back, then Lance started inching down his bare torso, taking his hands and lips to Shiro's warm skin all the way down. "But we can--" he nipped the edge of Shiro's ribcage, "--improvise."

"Oh my god, do you even know what you're doing," Shiro said, and okay, maybe he didn't *completely* know what he was doing, in the grand scheme of things, but he was definitely in between Shiro's legs, and Shiro was definitely pitching a tent that Lance wanted all up on.

"Dude. I'm objectively great at blowjobs. I mean, I don't have a gag reflex. I'm great at hot-dog eating contests, and getting tested for strep throat. And probably blowjobs." He cracked a grin and bit his lower lip with just a little bit of drama.

He kind of wished it wasn't so dark, because from the look on Shiro's face, he was probably blushing like crazy. "Um. Okay. I'd like that," Shiro said, like he'd *just now realized that Lance sitting between his legs and making his way downtown meant he wanted to blow him. Oh, honey.*

*Lance felt Shiro up through his pants, and while he didn't really have much comparison, because the precise number of dicks he'd seen in his lifetime was "not many," it felt like an awesome dick. If he wasn't about to go down on Shiro, he probably would've been a little grossed out by how much his mouth was watering.*

"I'm gonna do it," Lance said, *half to Shiro, half to himself.*

"Okay."

*"I'm gonna--god, did you ever realize you're like, insanely hot? I'm nervous. Am I just gonna get blinded by perfection as soon as I take your pants off?"*

*Shiro laughed. "No, Lance, I'm just a normal guy."*

*"Yeah, just your average bombshell space hero with cool hair and a robot arm."*

*Shiro, who must've been getting impatient, wiggled out of his sweats (no boxers, which made Lance just about come in his pants) and rested his thighs over Lance's, completely naked and driving Lance straight out of his mind with how gorgeous he was. How the hell, Lance thought, does a guy this goddamn hot want to have sex with me. "You too," Shiro said, pulling on Lance's jeans. It took a little more acrobatics to get Lance out of his pants, considering he was sitting on his knees, but he ended up naked with Shiro's hand wrapped around his cock and wow, when did that happen?*

*"Hold up, hey, I'm supposed to be sucking you off right now," Lance said.*

*Shiro looked obnoxiously smug. "I couldn't help myself," he said, "you just looked too cute."*

*"Well, cut it out! I want to put my mouth on your body," Lance said, and Shiro laughed again.*

*Now, this was the tricky part. Lance had never given a blowjob before. But, he supposed, he'd never gotten a guy through a panic attack before, and he did that just fine last night, so he had this. He stroked Shiro's dick a couple of times, getting himself familiar with it because holy fuck, Shiro had a fantastic dick. And it was big, too, but not so big Lance was freaked out. Just like. Nice. And it made Lance want to ride the hell out of him.*

*But. No space condoms.*

*He bent down and licked the head of Shiro's cock, which made Shiro make a very nice noise, so Lance did it again. He could've done that forever, but he wasn't messing around--he wanted to deepthroat this guy.*

*Lance learned very quickly that deepthroating was harder than it seemed, because even if stuff touching the back of his throat was no big thing, Shiro had a lot of dick for one person's mouth, and Lance had always been that kid who couldn't open his mouth wide enough at the dentist's. And, because he couldn't fucking unhinge his jaw, it ended up being the sloppiest blowjob ever, and Lance was pretty sure he fucked the whole thing up.*

*It wasn't like he could exactly ask Shiro for a progress update, though, because he was kind of busy doing other things with his mouth. Would it really have hurt Shiro to respond at least a little bit more, though? The guy had his hands shoved over his face, and Lance couldn't really tell what was going on in there. "Is this... am I doing okay?" he asked, leaning back, because he was not used to someone being this quiet during sex.*

*"Oh. Um, yeah, it's fine, I just. I feel like you're kind of far away," Shiro said.*

*"Dude. I'm right on you," Lance said, demonstrating by petting Shiro's sides.*

*"I know, but--" Shiro shoved his hands over his mouth again, "--I can't kiss you."*

*Lance grinned. "Oh my god, I should've known you'd be disgustingly sweet."*

*"I'm sorry?"*

*Lance shook his head. "I love it. Gonna kiss you."*

*He made good on his words, plastering himself over Shiro and hoping Shiro didn't think it was gross that Lance's mouth tasted like dick. Shiro's arms looped around his waist, and Lance settled in, really felt like he could stay there forever, trying to find the best angle to fit their lips together. "Here," Shiro said eventually, his words spoken against Lance's lips. He grabbed Lance's thighs and pulled him so Lance's dick was rubbing against his, and Lance dropped his head onto Shiro's shoulder and moaned, his hips making stuttery little movements against Shiro's. "You like that?"*

*"Fuck yeah, that's good," Lance said, and Shiro tugged on his hair a little bit to pull Lance's head to the side so he could get at his neck. "Is it good for you?"*

*"Yeah, I like this a lot more," Shiro admitted, biting Lance's neck, and ooh, he was gonna have to pop his collar for days to hide the hickeys Shiro was giving him. "I like having you all over me."*

*"Oh my go-o-d, you can't say things like that, dude, you're gonna make a bitch come."*

*"Good," Shiro said, his nose pressed to Lance's collarbone.*

*"Stop hiding your face in my neck, man," Lance said, putting one hand on Shiro's chin to tilt his face up.*

*"I don't know what to do with my face," Shiro admitted. Lance rolled his hips down purposefully and Shiro's head dropped back, his eyes rolling up.*

*"Like shit you don't," Lance said, "that was the hottest thing I've ever seen. I wanna see what your face looks like when you lose it."*

*That was about the point when Shiro just started whispering, "oh god, oh my god," over and over again, and Lance started really going for it, shoving one hand in between the two of them so he could jerk the both of them off.*

*"Lance, hey, hey, slow down, I'm gonna--"*

*"Nope," Lance said, and he couldn't keep the face-splitting grin under control because he could feel Shiro's abs clenching right before he came all over his belly. He tipped his head back too far for Lance to see his face, but made up for it by gasping, "Fuck, Lance!"*

*It was the first time Lance had ever heard Shiro swear, and it had him immensely pleased and distracted enough to be caught off-guard when Shiro bowled him over, kissed his neck hard and wrapped his fist around Lance's cock. Lance found himself hoping the ship was soundproofed,*

*because the way he moaned and swore couldn't be anything other than sexual. And the fact that he was yelling Shiro's name didn't leave much room for guessing, either.*

*"You gonna come for me?" Shiro asked him, and there was nothing Lance could say other than yes, yes, because of course he was.*

*Shiro settled against him after, and he gave Lance this look. Lance had never seen Shiro look like this before, eyes soft, face relaxed and happy. He's in love with me, Lance realized, giddily, and he had to grab Shiro and kiss him again and again. He's in love with me.*